

About the middle of the morning a Home News reporter telephoned me asking if Mr. Hall were at home, and being told not, requested his address and the date of his return. I asked him why they requested this and he said they feared something had happened to Mr. Hall. I shut off the telephone and called Mr. Florance repeating the conversation to him. About 1:30 a member of the family came to my home to break the news to me, telling me that my fear of an accident was verified. She informed me that Mr. Hall had been shot.

Mr. Hall had no private enemies. I can form no conjecture as to the motive of the deed or the perpetrators. Our life together had been absolutely happy and sympathetic. My confidence in him is boundless and unshaken.